

JACK TELL'S NEWSPAPER

## LAS VEGAS ISRAELITE

OF NEVADA

Published Every Friday in Las Vegas, Nevada  
 Price per copy 15c — Per Year \$6 — 2 Years \$10  
 P.O. Box 549, Las Vegas, Nevada 89101  
 Phone 870-1255

Editor and Publisher ..... Jack Tell  
 BUSINESS MANAGER..... BEA TELL, 870-1255  
 VEGAS NEWS..... HELENE STADLER, 384-3685  
 TEMPLE NEWS..... CLAIRE DASE, 382-6283  
 AND Barney Glazer in Hollywood, Harry Golden  
 covering America, and more to come.

Application to mail at second-class postage rates  
 is pending at Las Vegas, Nevada.

Member Of Worldwide News Service

## LETTER FROM NED

Dear Jack:

The advertiser in any newspaper, howsoever small, is a cogent force who should be acknowledged intermittently. Be he the sponsor of a one-inch liner, or a full page ad, the fact of the matter is that all are prayerfully hopeful that some concrete results will emanate from the insertions.

What I am trying to convey to you with all this mish-mash is to take a good look at the advertisers' plaint; intersperse throughout the Israelite columns a wee bit of kovid to him via a few words of reminder for the reader to notice the participation of said sponsor, and, hopefully, to patronize him.

I tell you this because it has come to my attention that one or two former advertisers have not renewed their business with you because of the lack of response. You are doing a noble job, and I do want to be among your rooters, so How's about giving us poor shnooks a little publicity among your columns?

THANKS.

Sincerely,  
 Ned Bortman

Dear Ned:

Thank you for writing and calling attention to our misgivings. Unless we are informed of your feelings, how may we begin to justify what we are doing?

The chargin created by some portions of your letter is overcome by flattery in another paragraph, interspersed with remarks that have us confused, and therefore, we'll do our best to reply in chronological order in an attempt to justify our actions.

To begin with you describe our newspaper as "howsoever small." True, if you were to compare its weight on a fruit counter scale with, say the Review Journal or Sun. But we were under the impression that the worth of a publication was determined by its quality, not its quantity.

You state the advertiser should be acknowledged intermittently. We agree, if the intermittent is consistent with good reading. My dear man, of what use is the mere mention of a name unless the accompanying facts in the item are interesting and eye-catching to the subscriber? We admit there is romance, excitement, suspense surrounding Harvey's Glass Company, but it has never been brought to our attention. Your distinction between the sponsor of a one-inch liner and a full page ad is cruel to a person of our sentiments. We have never hesitated to devote columns of space to non-revenue producing subjects. We're attempting to give the readers, who we describe as deserving the best, a better newspaper by utilizing the best of our efforts.

You ask for a wee bit of kovid(attention) for the reader to notice and hopefully, to patronize said sponsor. Ned, you would be surprised how many persons call each time a new advertisement appears in the paper. Our readers know every ad in print. Our readers are the most loyal in the world. Of this we are convinced. Are you aware that most families keep each edition of the Israelite handy throughout the week until the next issue arrives? Do you know how many calls we get if the mails delay delivery for a day? Would you believe me, if I told you the Las Vegas Israelite is the most productive medium of advertising in the entire state of Nevada, and that includes television and radio? Do you know we have advertisers who have dropped all other sources? If your product has merit, no one, no where, can sell it like this paper.

I appreciate hearing of one or two former advertisers who have nor renewed their business because of lack of response. This is news to me. Lots of advertisers are in and out of the paper, just as they are in and out of all other mediums--but not here because of lack of response. We'd have to know the particular circumstances Maybe the item was out of season, or over priced, or poorly merchandised. You give our readers something they want at competitive cost, and there'll be no problem with the return.

Thanks for being among our rooters ( we hope not rotorooters) and don't ever call yourself a poor shnook to us. You're one of the noble persons enabling us to do the noble job you describe.

Rome wasn't built in a day and persons in glass stores shouldn't throw stones. Just have a little faith, the Israelite will do the rest.

My best,

Jack Tell

Dear Mr. Tell:

I have just had an opportunity to examine the twentieth issue of the Las Vegas Israelite. Congratulations on establishing a paper which particularly disseminates news and views of interest to the Jewish community.

The Nevada State Library makes every effort to acquire all newspapers published in Nevada and has a program of microfilming all current newspapers, as well as early Nevada newspapers as rapidly as our budget permits.

We would be most pleased to accept a complimentary subscription to the Las Vegas Israelite along with copies of the paper which we have missed in order to have a full file for microfilming. The microfilm will be available to your readers for research purposes, and hopefully through a cooperative acquisition program, in two or more libraries.

If it is not possible for you to provide the State Library with a complimentary subscription, please put us on the subscription list and bill the Nevada State Library, Carson City, Nevada 89701 in triplicate. We are most anxious to have a complete file.

Sincerely,  
 (Mrs.) Mildred J. Heyer  
 State Librarian

Dear Jack:

I enjoy reading every issue of the Las Vegas Israelite as it keeps me in touch with the folks back home. I am I am pleased also that you saw fit to carry in the June 11th edition stories about Wilbur Clark and the Las Vegas Inter-National Air Races and also that my office here in Los Angeles will be handling promotion for Sports Enterprises, which includes the publicizing of the Las Vegas Inter-National Air Races to be contested September 23-26.

Nothing would please me more than to be a resident

of Las Vegas, however, my home is in Hollywood and I intend to remain here but I shall be commuting back and forth and in fact, will be in Las Vegas two days during this week. Lest there be confusion about the story which is headed "Gene Murphy Back in L.V.," please assure your friends that while my heart is there, I must live in this city in order to conduct the business in our ever-growing list of clients.

Best personal regards.

Cordially,  
 Eugene K. Murphy

Honorable David Zenoff  
 State Supreme Court  
 Carson City, Nevada

Dear Judge:

I do want to take this opportunity to congratulate you on your elevation to the State Supreme Court. I am sure that the entire Nevada community is proud of your work and confident of your future contribution to the state.

Sincerely,  
 Abe Ribicoff

Dear Jack:

My deep appreciation to you and Claire Dase for the generous story of our family appearing in the May 29, 1965, issue of the Israelite. It was very kind of you and members of your staff to write this article, and my family and I are very grateful for your complimentary presentation.

My warmest personal regards to you.

Sincerely,  
 JOHN C. MOWBRAY  
 District Judge

Dear Jack:

Is it true that you deliver the Israelite to the temple to encourage people to attend services every Friday evening?

A Reader

Dear Reader:

Yes, and also a gentle reminder that the subscription is only \$6.00 per year.

Jack

## A Daddy

(Continued from Page 1)

your first two wheeled bike. He even taught you to drive his car, and how many fights you have, because you now have learned to drive his car, and you want to drive it when he too wants to drive it. You forget the anxious moments, days, months and years you gave him through a sickness, or the troubles and worries you gave him, spoken in haste to him. You were little enough to climb on his knee: You told him all of your problems, he listened. You were older, you still told him all of your problems, you even told him problems that weren't problems, he listened. He tried so hard and many times in vain, to show you through wise and knowing eyes that are filled always with unselfish love for you, how to seek only the good in others, how to eliminate the bad, as he does. What you never remember in true retrospect is that he never loved you any the less for any of your shortcomings or even your failings. A Daddy gives you so much materially that you now do not retain, but he also gives you something very important that you shall always retain.. something that no one can ever take away from you because it is yours always to keep. That is the chance to

belong to the most simple, beautiful and uncomplicated Daddy any little girl can belong to, and you are always just his little girl no matter how many birthdays pass.

When this time comes for a Daddy to go and live in another land and help this very busy God, and you find your heart heavy with the sadness and sorrow of missing him very deeply, that no words find eloquence enough to express, and you so want to climb on his knee just one more time and tell him so many things, important things, unimportant things, silly things, just things, you suddenly come upon a realization through two eyes that are blinded by tears that refuse to spill...that always, whatever you had to say, a Daddy always listened, always heard you, and though you now speak a different language because it is now a language of the heart, he can still hear you and he always will. So, your sadness and sorrow can lessen a little because you know through what this Daddy struggled all of his lifetime and yours to teach you. . .you have learned a very important part of that bittersweet-lesson called life. . .that you are not ever alone. . .simply because he will always be your Daddy, and you will always be just his little girl.

## TELL TALES

"One Man Plus The Truth  
 Constitutes A Majority"

BY JACK TELL



## POSTCARD FROM KAY

The mails brought greetings from a couple of world travelers, whose first stop was Tel Aviv. It read: Shalom! What an idea these people had when they named this country after your paper--Hope all is well. Love - Kay and Harry (Wallerstein).

Dear Harry and Kay:

It was very considerate for you to remember us poor, stay-at-home folks. The postcard, showing a dromedary in a silhouette against a setting sun on a horizon of desert sands, is very pretty. Off in the distance is seen parts of a neighboring country. We must caution you not to get too close to the border. The Arabs have declared open season against Jews. They come sneaking in after dark and will shoot anyone - especially if you are unarmed and cannot retaliate. So be careful Harry, if you see any shifty-eyed men dressed in KLU KLUX KLAN sheets but dirtier, don't let Kay try to talk them into a contribution for U.J.A.

We don't mind Israel naming itself after our paper. After all, our nation's capital and the state of Washington didn't object to a fellow called George with the same moniker, and Lincoln, Nebraska wasn't harmed by "Honest Abe."

So your next stop will be the Athens Hilton until June 15 and then on to the Hotel Flora on the Via Veneto, in Rome, until the 18th. We guess you know about "When in Rome, you do as the Romans do," and that don't mean fiddling around like Nero.

When you get to the Hotel Excelsior in Florence on the 19th, mentioning Louis Prima's name won't hurt, and of course, at the Royal Danieli in Venice, where you arrive on the 23rd, they'll be interested to know about all the gondolaing Harry did with you on Lake Mead. You'll be stretching the point there a bit, but Italians are warm hearted and will extend themselves if you have something in common.

Kay, keep you eye on Harry when you get to Paris on the 27th. He's our friend and we want him to have a good time, but if he tells you he's going by himself to visit the art galleries on Place Pigalle, be sure to go along. That's no place for a man with a Tinch Furniture bank-book. And by the way, if you send us a post card from Paris, please put it in an envelope. You see our granddaughter Bonnie will be here from the east coast, and you know how French picture cards can effect a two year old's future.

By the way, if you have to cut a few corners in Paris, call our pal Marty Gansberg, who is editor of the N.Y. Times French edition. He knows his way around and he certainly wouldn't mind accomodating mutual friends, who are strangers in town.

Of course it will be a foggy day in London town, when you check in to the Grosvenor House in Park Lake on July 2. It always is. Otherwise that song writer would be a liar. Be sure to watch television while there. Then you'll appreciate what American TV has to offer.

On your way home by boat, Harry, that well-dressed, very soft-spoken, grey-haired old western rancher who tells you he's returning from a visit to his daughter in a French finishing school is mainly true in what he says, except its not his daughter, its his adopted son. And its not a finishing school, its a jail. And he's not a western rancher. He's a card sharp, who wouldn't have a chance in a Las Vegas game because every old time dealer in town knows him. When he suggests a friendly game of gin, take him up for the first two days, that's all, because he'll let you win when the stakes are low. After that get very busy with Kay until you dock in New York. Those moonlit walks around the deck could be very romantic, even for you.

The middle of July at the St. Regis in our home town is kind of dull, compared to the rest of the year, but make the most of it. If you must see the Worlds Fair, get it over with quick-you have only three days in N.Y. That means three Broadway shows at night until 11. At least two nights after the shows take in the Copa and Latin Quarter. After the clubs, you're no where unless you poke your noses in at Lindy's, the Back Stage and Reubens.

When you get to N.Y. make a few calls to a couple of our old pals. There's Harry Brandwein, my dearest chum, who works in the morgue at the NY TIMES. Call him after 5 P.M. at LA 4-1000. He's up all night and would be delighted to show you N.Y. in the wee hours. Say hello to Walter Winchell, who probably will be in a parked car at the corner of 51 street and Broadway, listening for police calls on the radio. For your club reservations, call my old friend Joe Russell at CI- 5-4848.

Don't remind him of the "C" note he owes us, but he can get you in when the owner of a club is turned away. For your show tickets call Eddie Jaffe at CI 5-7355.

Tell Eddie you want the best seats at the hardest-to-get shows in town and to send the bill on to us. If you want to get to the races or ball game, call Jim Roach, sports editor at the Times. He'll do the right thing, after you send him our regards. If its the home office of any national Jewish organization you want to visit, call Irv Spiegel at the NY Times. Spizzy's been covering that beat for about 30 years, and who he don't know, isn't worth talking to. If you run into Earl Wilson, Leonard Lyons, Bob Sylvester or any of the other columnists, say hello.

Next week, we'll bring you up to date on all that's happened in Las Vegas, while you were away.